

milk & honey by unfriendlythot

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Summary: a collection of Mileven smut prompts. some are pwp, some have plot. all supposed to be set in unrelated AUs. leave your prompt requests in the comments section and read request rules. aged-up characters, kinky, don't like, don't read, etc. newest prompt (ch. 5): continuation of the prompt where mike and el are stepsiblings. this time...mike has gotten her pregnant.

1. milk & honey

A/N: Mileven PWP pure smut. Very kinky. Like, i'm not kidding, this is SUPER kinky. You've been warned. Mike and El are in their mid-to-late 20s here and are probably married or at least living together. If you don't agree with smut with these characters, don't read.

Mike figured she was only about six weeks along at this point, trying to pinpoint the exact night it had happened.

It was hard to tell though, since they had sex practically every day.

It probably hadn't been any of the times he had cum in her ass, or on her face, or in her mouth, or on her tits. If he were to rule any of those out, than it might have been the time when she had on the garter belt, and the sheer thigh highs that made disappearing his cock into her tight hole look even better than it normally did. Or it could've been the time with the thong, pushing it aside to reveal her wet, pink pussy that was so ready for him, pounding her from behind, the string of the thong gripping her left ass cheek as her ass bounced on his cock.

It must have been one of those times, so she wasn't too far along, and she was hardly even showing yet.

Her tits however, were a different story. They had gotten bigger and bigger every year of high school, much to Mike's delight, and they had gotten even nicer once El had reached her twenties. Perky, and perfect, soft and full, with supple pink nipples that puckered whenever he put his mouth on them. Mike loved her tits, and although he hadn't ever admitted it to El, she had probably figured it out by now, because he loved to look at them, squeeze them, press them together and suck on them, cum on them.

They hadn't ever been like, Playboy-bunny big though, not until now. One of the perks of pregnancy, Mike guessed. Though her stomach had remained (for now) practically as flat as it had always been, her breasts had ballooned until both tits were about the size of his head.

Mike decided to take full advantage. They both kind of felt weird

having vaginal sex with her being pregnant and all, which just gave Mike more of an excuse to goad El into doing other, more *creative* things, especially now that her tits were like *that*, huge and lactating.

Tonight her milky tits were sitting pretty in lacy pink bra that Mike was sure was two sizes too small, squeezing her generous mounds together so tightly her tits looked like they were gonna pop out at any second. The bra was only a half cup, so her pretty pink nipples, nearly the exact same color as the lace of the bra, peaked out at him, begging him to suck on them.

Mike licked his lips. Already he could see her tits were leaking; breastmilk was beading out of her right nipple, dripping down her areola and onto the curve of her breast.

"Come here," he demanded, lying back on the bed and pulling her on top of him. She was straddling him and gasped when he pushed her hips forward, nearly falling onto him so that her swollen breasts were on his face. He nuzzled his face on them, noting how damp the lace cups were because of the milk dripping from her tits.

"Mike," El giggled, "Someone's eager." She smirked down at him and put her arms out on either side of his head, bracing herself on top so that her fat tits dangled right in his face.

Mike hooked a finger in her bra and pushed down both her half cups, her breasts popping out eagerly. He kept her bra on though, wanting to see the thin pink straps on her shoulders leading down to her exposed milky breasts.

"Jiggle them for me, El," Mike said, and El did as she was told, wriggling around on top of him so that her plump tits bounced up and down, slapping together lightly.

Mike couldn't take it anymore. He dove in, burying his face in between her soft mounds, nuzzling and nipping.

El giggled again, wriggling around on top of him some more. "That tickles."

But before she could get her bearings, he was already sucking, licking

and lapping at her leaking tits. It was like heaven. Her breastmilk tasted sweet like honey, and he nursed from her tits greedily, sucking on her aching nipples so hard she screamed. He didn't stop though, tightening his grip on her ass to keep her from wriggling away, getting every last drop down his throat. There was so much of it flowing out of her though that some of it was dripping down his chin.

Mike wrapped his hand around her left breast, squeezing it roughly while he continued to suckle on the right one. He was squishing it so hard he started milking it, beads of breastmilk leaking out and splashing his shoulder.

"Fuck El, you taste so good." Mike's mouth came off her right breast with a wet pop. "Look at you, you're leaking all over me."

He turned his attention to her left breast, sucking the milk right out of it.

"Milk yourself babe, right into my mouth." Mike released his grip on both of her tits, leaning his head back and parting his mouth.

El gripped her own breast, and, aiming the sore and abused nipple directly at Mike, squeezed her fat mound until breastmilk squirted directly into Mike's mouth. The milky white liquid sprayed everywhere, into his mouth, on his lips, splotted his eyelashes and hair. Mike lapped it all up greedily.

"You're such a good girl. I want to milk you together." Mike wrapped his hand over El's, which was still wrapped around her own tit, and together they milked her some more, squeezing breastmilk out of her swollen pink nipples into Mike's waiting mouth. "Your tits are so full of milk for me."

"Yes, Mike. All for you." El moaned. She was loving every second of this, just as much as he was. "I love when you suck on my lactating tits. It hurts so good. The more you drink the more milk I make. You're gonna force me to make so much milk for you..."

Her words were driving him crazy. In a frenzy, he fisted both of her tits, crushing them together so that her swollen pink nipples rubbed against the other. He started milking both of them, her two nipples

rubbing and kissing each other so that the two breastmilk streams became one and gushed down on him. He let it squirt him in the face at first, but then lost control and latched onto both nipples at the same time, tonguing her areolas and nursing greedily.

El cried out, wincing like she was in pain, but her words betrayed her real enjoyment of what he was doing. "Yes, Mike, suck my milky tits. I want you to suck and fuck them. I want you to fuck my tits while they leak milk everywhere. I want you to squeeze my nipples until they squirt breastmilk on your big fat cock..."

Now that was a good idea.

"Get down on your knees." Mike commanded, finally pulling his mouth away from her breasts. Her tits were shiny and wet with his saliva and her breastmilk slobbered all over them. Her nipples were red and swollen from all his frenzied sucking, still dripping white droplets onto her pink areolas.

El did as she was told. She knew what was coming next, so she pushed her leaking tits together and spit between her breasts, making the area in between nice and slick for his hard cock.

"No, I know a better way." Mike tapped his cock lightly against El's left breast, enjoying the view of his cock rubbing itself up and down against her puckering nipple and wide areola. El must have understood what he meant, because she began to milk her own tits again, squeezing breastmilk out of her nipples and watching it *drip drip* down onto his aching cock. Soon, his cock was glistening and wet with a thin white sheen of her breastmilk, slick and slippery enough to fit in snug between her huge, squishy tits.

He watched as the entire length of his shaft was swallowed up in between her fat mounds. El had her hands up on either side of her tits, squeezing his cock in between them.

Mike started thrusting, the head of his cock popping up between her cleavage every other thrust. It felt amazing, her luscious tits squeezing his big cock, El crying out *oh, oh, oh* every time he thrust, his cock slipping and sliding in between her tits knowing it was her own breastmilk that lubed up the titfucking.

"Fuck, El. Such a good girl, taking my cock. Fucking take my cock in between your lactating tits. *Fuck* I can see milk leaking out of your swollen nipples as I fuck your tits, it's running all down your breasts El, it's running down onto my balls... "

Mike sped up his thrusts, pounding into her furiously now, almost losing control, battering her tits with his cock relentlessly, his balls slapping loudly and stickily against the bottom of her milk-covered tits, her breasts jiggling and squishing, bouncing uncontrollably as he pounded them with his hard cock, "You like it when I fuck your tits, don't you? You like it so much that you make so much milk for my cock."

El was sobbing below him, barely able to talk as she took him jackhammering her tits, "Yes, I-I love it! I'm gonna cum just from you fucking the milk out of my tits."

He couldn't take it anymore. He was so close.

He pulled his cock out from between her slick fat breasts to grab her right tit, squeezing so hard El cried out. But he wasn't gonna stop, not now, no way in hell. He started milking it, all the while pushing his cock head against her tit so that it was tip to tip with her abused, red nipple. While one hand continued to milk more breastmilk onto his cock, Mike used his other hand to jerk himself off against her leaking nipple. He mashed his cock head and her nipple together, mixing his pre-cum with her breastmilk, creating a sticky, white goop that connected his cock with her breasts.

"Give me your cum, Mike," El was begging, watching him furiously jerk his cock against her sore nipple, wildly milking her tits, his movements so erratic now that breastmilk sprayed everywhere and his fist was crushing the soft mound of her breast, full of milk. "Please cum on my tits. I wanna lick your cum off my tits and taste my milk with your cum mixed all in it."

That did it then. Mike started cumming, hard. He jerked ropes and ropes of his hot, sticky cum onto her breast, onto her nipple and areola, making sure to get it all mixed in with the breastmilk that he was still milking out of her with her breast still squeezed tightly in his other fist.

It was all there on El's chest, on her tits. All of his hot, glistening white cum, sticky and thick, mixing in with the thinner liquid of her breastmilk as it continued leaking out of her aching nipples. When he pulled away to collapse back on the bed, his cock still slick and wet from the breastmilk he had slathered on it, a thin strip of gooey cum and breastmilk extended from his cock head directly back to El's swollen pink nipple that he had just fucked.

And, true to her word, Mike watched as El pushed her huge tits up to her own mouth and licked the cum and breastmilk off her nipples and areola greedily, moaning like she was cumming the entire time. It was so hot to watch El start to suck her own tits, nursing her own milk from her breast, that before Mike knew it, he was hard again.

He grinned at her, already stroking his cock. "Are those tits ready for round two?"

A/N: I'm taking smut prompts/requests, at my discretion (meaning if I like your idea i'll write it). Tell me what you'd like to have them do next ;) I will only write Mike and El together, no group sex stuff, and nothing under the age of 16 (which was when I started having sex so I figure that's a fair shake). Thanks for reading!

2. undressed

A/N: someone requested this on my ao3 account and i liked it so here it is! in this fic, mike and el are new stepsiblings and el moves into his house. her bedroom window happens to face his (i have an explanation for that weird architecture XD) and mike catches her undressing in the window all the time...

XXXXX

It had been nearly half a year since El Hopper had officially become his stepsister and moved into the room down the hall.

She and her father had lived in the town next to Hawkins, and El had gone to a different high school, so Mike had never actually really met El or spent much time with her until their parents married and El and her dad, Jim Hopper, had moved in.

She seemed nice enough, always smiling and polite to Mike when they met, but she didn't talk much, and he was so socially awkward besides. It always seemed like there was some weird tension between them, but maybe it was just in Mike's head.

She was so cute though. Perky and petite, like Mike could just scoop her up, but somehow with impossibly long shapely legs, with the creamiest thighs that she always showed off wearing the shortest miniskirts Mike had ever seen. Whenever she bounced around in them it was almost like they were just a slight movement away from riding up her ass and giving Mike a peek at her pussy, though the few times Mike did see anything, she was always wearing panties, of course, cute little white or pink cotton panties that seemed just one size too small for her, sometimes riding up her ass cheek a little, and Mike sometimes jerked off in his bedroom at night, thinking about how he wished he were those panties, wedged in deeply between the slick folds of her pussy lips.

But El Hopper was definitely the type of girl who would never look twice at Mike in school, let alone even talk to him if not for the fact that her dad had now married his mom.

Six agonizing months of sharing the same house with her, and to make matters worse (or better?) his mom had put her in their former guest room, which through the coincidence of the Wheeler's odd home design, had a window that directly faced Mike's room. Their home had a garage that was tucked into a little courtyard, and the bedrooms had been built to wrap around that courtyard, so that Mike's room was on the west side of the yard and El's was on the east. Their large bedroom windows faced each other across the courtyard, and El never had her blinds shut, like ever.

Mike was sure she was doing it to drive him crazy.

At first he tried not to look. It was an invasion of her privacy and it was the right thing not to look and he had to be a gentleman and all but...

But she kept doing it.

Every night, and every morning, El would walk right in front of her window and change her clothes. Her mirror wasn't even anywhere near the window. Mike knew from being in the guestroom before that the closet had mirrors attached and they were towards the back of the room, away from the windows. El would walk from the closet to retrieve clothes, then to the window, where'd slowly peel off all her clothes, one by one, even her bra and panties, before putting new clothes on and then walk all the way back to the closet and mirror to take a look. Sometimes she would march back to the window, looking unhappy and carrying a set of new clothes, and do it all over again before presumably going back to the mirror to check out her new look.

Mike wondered why she didn't just stay by the closet and mirror and do it all there, instead of walking all the way back and forth just to change by the window.

Maybe she was doing it on purpose.

Maybe she wanted him to see.

No. No way, that couldn't be it. El was a nice girl and he was just way too horny and had seen one too many porn videos and this

wasn't a porno. This was real life, and El definitely wasn't doing it to make his dick hard. She definitely wasn't doing it as a silent way of begging him to fuck her, to just march down the hall one day and shut her bedroom door and make her bounce on his dick until they both came and she was covered in his cum, from her eyelashes to her tits to her tight little pussy –

Mike slammed his laptop shut. He had given up trying to concentrate on this essay. There was no way that was happening now. In fact, his grades had even started slipping a little since El had moved in; he was just in a constant state of horniness, and his room used to be his sanctuary, the one place he could get away from the noise and distraction and just work, but now it seemed like all it took was one glimpse of El in her own bedroom, minding her own business, and it all went out the damn window and straight into his hard dick.

The front door slammed downstairs and Mike knew it must be El coming from cheer practice. Her dad and his mom still had work for a few more hours, and Mike recognized the shuffle of El's feet as she went up the stairs and into her bedroom. In his head he saw her bounce up the steps, her little pleated cheerleading skirt bouncing up and down gently against her plump little ass, her round tits jiggling around underneath her top too –

Another door banged shut again – her bedroom door this time – and right on cue El appeared at her bedroom window.

Mike's face felt hot, and he popped open his laptop again.

He wasn't going to look. He was just going to mind his own damn business and work on his paper.

His head wasn't turning away to face the screen though. Mike found that it was still where it had been before, staring right in the direction of El's window.

She took her backpack off first, letting it drop unceremoniously to the floor. She had already shrugged off her shoes and had started to tug her top off. She crossed her arms to pull the fabric up and over her head; apparently the fit was a little too tight though because she had to wiggle around a little bit, which caused her soft tits to bounce up

and down gently until she finally got the thing over her head, tossing it on her bed.

El had been sideways to the mirror up until that point, but as she reached to unclasp her bra, she turned to face the window directly. For a split second, Mike panicked, thinking she had seen him, but her eyes were downcast and focused elsewhere, not looking at the window at all.

Absently, El's hand went to the front of her bra, which Mike thought was strange since girls' bras unhooked in the back, but apparently not the bra El was wearing. The clasp was right on the front, nestled between her two creamy mounds, and for a second or so, El fidgeted with the clasp a little, squeezing her fat tits together as she struggled to unclasp her own bra.

Mike's hand went to his cock, already hard as hell and leaking precum at the tip, and he began to stroke himself. How could a girl have this much trouble unclasping a bra? And one with the hook in the front, no less. Didn't girls do this everyday? Surely El was doing this on purpose, so she could have an excuse to jiggle her tits and press them together right in front of him.

He fisted his cock harder at the thought, that El was doing all of this, every day multiple times a day, knowing that he was watching, wanting him to jerk off to her. His cock was fully out of his pants now, and Mike stroked himself up and down at the sight of El undressing, pausing to rub softly at his swollen tip and spreading precum all up and down his shaft to make the glide easier.

She finally managed to unclasp the bra, pushing it apart to reveal her full, fat tits popping out. She was easily a D cup, her breasts so mouthwateringly soft and natural, with cute little pink nipples that seemed to wink at him from the middle of her wide, swollen areolas.

Mike started to stroke himself faster, his breathing coming in quick, rapid succession. He couldn't believe he was jerking off (again) to his stepsister's tits, watching her secretly undress.

El had moved onto her skirt, shimmying it down her legs in a way that was both cute and sexy. Underneath she had on cute, almost see-

through white cotton panties, which she also slowly peeled off, exposing her hairless pussy to him.

Then, she turned her back to the window, so that he saw her bare plump little ass, and bent all the way down.

Fuck.

That exposed her entire slit to him, from her pink pussy lips to her tight asshole – and was that a trick of the light? Or was her pussy glistening a bit, like she was wet or something - ?

Mike thrust hard into his hand, imagining that it was El's small, sticky pussy that he was thrusting it into instead, ramming his dick into her so hard she screamed, giving her what he knew she wanted, what he knew her cunt needed – his hard cock and his thick cum.

El straightened up again, shimmying into some new panties. Except they weren't really panties. These ones didn't cover her bare ass at all. There was only a thin lacey string that disappeared between her ass cheeks. El tucked the string into place and then she – and Mike could hardly believe it - and then she ran her hands down her own ass, and spanked own her ass cheek playfully and Mike could see the little red handprint it left and how her ass bounced up and down with the force of El's smack.

Mike let out a little moan, he couldn't help it. His fist was a blur on his own cock, pumping himself furiously, his balls tightening up. Who does that? She had to know he was watching and she had to be doing that to make him cum.

It wasn't even dark inside Mike's bedroom. She could probably see him in here same as he saw her. He had never tried to hide and sneak around about it, feeling that that somehow would make it even more pervy. If she saw him, she saw him – and he would have to face the consequences, whatever they may be. Maybe she'd scream and cry and tell her dad and Mike would get his ass kicked out of the house, or maybe she'd kick his ass herself, or maybe she'd come over and bend down and suck his dick and let him cum all over her soft tits....

El started putting on some clothes again. A cute white miniskirt over

the thong. And then a little tank top. She hadn't even put a bra back on. Her huge tits were sitting pretty in that tank top with nothing between them and the fabric of her shirt.

Then Mike remembered. El had said last night at dinner, that she had a date tonight with some fucking jock or other, Mike couldn't even remember the name. And fuck, she was going to go out like that? She was going to go see this guy with no bra on and a fucking thong and that was it?

Fuck, she was probably gonna suck his cock and let him push up her top and titfuck her and then bend her over and fuck her in that thong in his stupid jock car and Mike wished it was him, in his mind's eye it was him, fucking her doggy style in his car and making her scream until he spurted all of his sticky cum onto that thong string and made her wear it again, so that his semen would be nestled in between her ass cheeks all the way back to their parents house.

Mike was cumming hard all over his hand, ropes and ropes of it gushing out of the tip of his cock all over his fist – God he'd made a mess, all because of El, his sexy little stepsister, she needed his cock so bad, and he was going to give it to her –

"Mike, can you tell dad I'll be out – oh!" El was standing in his doorway, her hand on the knob, staring directly at his cum-covered cock with wide eyes. "Oh, oh my gosh. I'm so sorry, I-I should have knocked, I'll..." El had already slammed the door shut again, and Mike could hear her muffled voice through the closed door. "Um, tell dad I'm gonna be out with Trevor tonight so don't wait up for dinner. I, um, sorry again!"

XXXXX

A/N: i wanna note that el IS teasing mike on purpose and she DOES want to tempt him so much that he'll finally lose control and come over and fuck her. i think the concept of some things are hot (like dominance, mike watching el etc) but only in a role play scenario. i wanna be super clear that in all of my fics, both parties want it. i don't mess with nonconsent (and that includes doing things without a person genuinely knowing). anyway hope yall liked it.

there is actually going to be a part 2 to this (where el will be exposed...no pun intended)...stay tuned...

and send more prompts!

sorry if this chapter has weird formatting. i'm absolutely fed up with how archaic 's uploading system is.

3. undressed, pt 2

A/N: ...the continuation of undressed from chapter 2. uploaded this fast because it was originally intended as all part of one chapter, but i got lazy halfway through... XD

XXXXX

Mike couldn't believe he had been left alone with his new stepsister for two whole days already.

It had been a three-day weekend, and their parents had decided to go on a little romantic getaway together. It was disgusting, the fact that they were newlyweds and still in that lovey-dovey phase, but hey, if that got them out of the house and left him and El alone for once...

Not that anything had happened. Of course not. It seemed that El had barely even noticed that Mike was alive, even living under the same roof with him.

It had gotten even more awkward between them after she'd caught him with his literal pants down, jerking off.

Since then, he'd been avoiding her, talking to her even less and not even making much eye contact, so much so that his mother had noticed and scolded him for acting rude to his poor little stepsister.

"I hope you take the time this weekend, since it'll be just the two of you, to get to know El a little bit better."

"Mom –"

"Stop whining, Michael. She's your new stepsister. I want you two to be close."

Well, Mike wanted to be close, too. He wanted to be so close he was on top of her, his cock inside of her, as close as can be with her tits pressed up and bouncing against his chest as he pounded the shit out of her tight cunt.

Right now though, he wasn't close. He was holed up in his room

again like an antisocial shut-in, trying not to think about the sound of running water next to his room and the fact that El was currently in the shower, getting those nice tits all soap up and sudsy, her entire body wet and slick and so, so ready for a good fuck –

El's bedroom lights flipped on. She had padded into her room with nothing but a towel wrapped around her, which she quickly discarded onto the floor, exposing her nude body to him in front of her window.

Without looking at the window at all – she never looked at the window, otherwise Mike was sure she'd see him just as he saw her, and he was sure she avoided that on purpose too – El plopped down on her bed and reached for a bottle of body lotion.

She pumped a few squirts of the creamy substance onto the palm of her hand and then she started to rub it slowly up her slender legs, past her knees and all the way up her milky thighs, the greasy substance leaving a glistening sheen all over her tanned skin.

Mike's hand snuck its way down to his cock again, imagining that that was what his cum would look like on El's skin, imagined her rubbing his cum instead of the lotion onto the smooth skin of her thigh.

El put some on her arms next, still going tantalizing slow. She was completely naked on her bed, rubbing the lotion all over herself, and it was like the world's best porno right there already, right in front of him, just for Mike, but then El squirted some lotion directly onto her tits, and for a second Mike thought that he had already started to cum, but realized he had just spurted some pre-cum in his excitement instead.

She used both hands to massage the cream into her soft mounds, squeezing and pressing them together. She even rubbed some onto her nipples, causing them to peak and harden, until El's tits looked oily and slick, and Mike imagined his cock sliding in between them, how soft her tits would feel pressed on either side of his hard dick, the lotion causing him to glide easily in and out of her fat mounds.

Mike whimpered softly, trying not to make any noise. He didn't want

her to catch him and stop or cover up, not just yet, not before he came...

El turned her back to the window and then bent over, on all fours on her bed, once again exposing her entire pussy and pink asshole to him, spread wide open. She started to rub some lotion onto her ass, getting her ass cheeks all nice and glistening too. Then she turned back around and spread her legs all the way apart, so that she was basically spread eagle in front of the window, and there wasn't any doubt about it this time – El was wet, she was so wet, her pussy was dripping and she hadn't even touched it with the lotion yet.

She pumped some more lotion onto her hand and then reached in between her legs, spreading the stuff all over her pussy lips, getting it mixed in with her own wetness. Her hands traveled up further until they reached her clit, and she slowly began to massage the lotion onto her clit in long, languid circles.

El's eyes rolled to the back of her head as she continued rubbing her clit.

Mike pumped his cock in time to the motion of her wrist, it was so hot, they were both masturbating at the same time and Mike only jerked his dick harder when El slid two fingers into her own pussy, hissing in pleasure and looking down at herself getting fingerfucked.

She was still spread eagle in front of the window, in front of him, and Mike couldn't help but think about what a horny little slut his stepsister was, masturbating in full view of the wide open window, like she was putting on a show just for him.

He knew she wanted it, he knew her pussy lips wanted to take more than just those two tiny little fingers. El wanted Mike's dick to ram in and out of her, he knew she did, she was frantically pumping her fingers into her pussy, so fast and hard her pussy juices were splashing out against her thighs, and her nipples were so so hard on her fat tits now, just begging to be sucked.

Mike was thrusting violently into his own fist when El added a third finger and moaned.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, gonna cum...." It looked like she was saying. Mike couldn't hear, but it was clear the words that she was mouthing.

El looked at her pussy desperately as she fingerfucked it, and then, for the first time, Mike caught her doing it. She looked out the window. She looked Mike dead in the eye as she continued to pump three fingers in and out of her wet cunt, and she winked.

She winked at him, so quickly Mike was questioning if it had even happened, and then he blinked, and El had stopped looking at him, her eyes had squeezed shut as she writhed around on her bed, her legs and pussy lips spread wide open, clenching around her fingers, and she was mouthing something again, moaning a single word over and over again. It was unmistakable – her sweet lips forming the words Mike, Mike, Mike over and over again as she came all over her hand.

Mike couldn't take it anymore.

Within two seconds he had strode down the long hallway and ripped open her bedroom door. She hadn't even locked it.

There she was, still on her bed, naked and fully splayed open in front of the window, panting so hard her shiny tits were jiggling.

Without so much as a word, Mike fell on top of her, pushing his tongue inside her mouth as he shrugged out of his clothes, pressing his rock hard cock right up against her warm and drenched center.

"Ah, fuck, Mike - !" El gasped underneath him, though she didn't make any move to wriggle away, her mouth and body so pliable and wet and willing.

"You wanted this, didn't you?" Mike hissed, grabbing one of her tits and squeezing painfully. "You were doing it on purpose all this time, undressing in front of this window, never closing the blinds, you want me to fuck you hard, don't you?"

"It took you long enough to figure out," El gave him a devilish grin, even as he continued squishing her tits in his fists, unable to restrain

himself after all that time being able to see them but not touch them. "Six months of me parading my ass in front of that window, showing you everything, and you never once came over here to touch me and fuck me and cum on me."

Quick as a whip, El slid out from underneath him, sliding down onto her knees in front of the mattress. In an instant she had Mike's hard cock in her tiny hands, stroking it expertly as she sat prettily in between his legs.

"Oh, fuck..." Mike groaned. El shifted up a bit to rest her oily tits right on his balls, so that she was jerking his cock as it lay in between her soft mounds, a little slippery and sticky from the lotion, and each time she jerked his cock the motion would make her fat breasts jiggle, too.

"You like that?" She asked, looking up at him with doe eyes as she pushed the head of his cock directly into her pink areola a few times, his cock head disappearing into her soft tits as she thrust it against her swollen nipple. "I want my stepbrother to fuck my tits, I know you've been looking at them. I catch you all the time staring at them."

"Yeah...put my cock right in between them, El, just like that." Mike watched El push his hard shaft in between her soft mounds and started to move herself up and down on his cock. "You're fucking your tits on your stepbrother's cock. God, I've fantasized about doing this....you'd suck my dick and then I'd titfuck you and make you bounce on my cock until I filled you up with cum....El, please, let me put it into that tight little pussy..."

"Okay, since you said please..." El released Mike's cock from between her perk round tits and laid down on the bed, spreading her legs open. Her fingers went to her pussy lips, spreading them wide, so that Mike could almost see inside. She was so turned on that she was dripping, and with her cunt forcibly spread with her fingers, Mike could see her pink inner pussy lips clenching and twitching inside, so ready for his thick cock. "Please, Mike...fuck my pussy... fuck it raw without a condom...I need my stepbrother's dick and cum to fill my pussy up..."

"Oh my God, you dirty little slut," Mike grunted as he finally gave her

what she was begging for, ramming his hard dick inside of her bareback. "You need stepbrother dick? I'll give it to you."

She was so fucking tight, her pussy was so small, she was clenching down on his cock and squeezing it, milking his cock as soon as he rammed it into her, her pussy sucking on the shaft every time he pulled it out only to it thrust back in.

"Yes, Mike, yes...." El whimpered, as Mike fucked her soft pussy. Mike was sitting up, balanced on his knees as he battered his cock into her tight cunt, wanting an unobstructed view of El being fucked. He crisscrossed her arms underneath her chest and kept them yanked down by her hips as he fucked her, so that her round tits were forced together, squeezed between her arms that he was holding down, bouncing furiously each time he pounded into her cunt. "You're the only guy I've let fuck me without a condom, my own stepbrother. Ah!" El cried out as Mike started to violently fuck her, the thought of any other guy having her making him furious, and he was taking his anger out on her sore pussy.

"Not even that Trevor guy?" Mike growled, ramming into her mercilessly with deep, brutal strokes.

"I-I only dated him to make you j-jealous, oh, fuck! Ah!" She could hardly talk, he was ramming into her so hard and fast. "His dick was so small anyway. Yours is big, so big, it's too big for my small pussy..." El cried, looking down past her jiggling tits and to her cunt as it was forced to take in Mike's thick cock again and again and again. "You're destroying my pussy, Mike!"

Mike's dick made wet sucking noises as it slapped in and out of her pussy, and his hard shaft was covered in her pussy juices. His balls slapped repeatedly against her hole, and a trail of sticky goo, a mixture of her pussy juices and his pre-cum, connected his balls with her cunt each time he thrust in and pulled back out.

"Yeah, take it...you love it. Taking your stepbrother's fat cock. You want me to fuck you without a condom so I can knock you up. Have my baby, so everyone would know that you fucked your own stepbrother and took his cum. Everyone would know that we fucked. I don't care if you're my stepsister, I love fucking my stepsister..."

"And I love taking my stepbrother's cock, even though its stretching me out so bad and it hurts. It hurts, Mike!" El keened, "It's so big it hurts but I love it! I love it!" El was practically screaming, Mike loved how loud she was getting even with his dick splitting her open. He looked down and her pussy was swollen and red where he was still ramming his slick cock violently in and out, she was so small and so tight and her pussy was milking his cock so firmly that each time Mike pulled out her inner pussy walls were still suctioned on his dick, so that her bright pink pussy walls peeked out at him as it gripped his dick tightly, not letting go even when he pulled out. The sight was so hot that it finally set off Mike's orgasm.

"Fuck, El, I'm cumming," he moaned, as he started to pump stream after stream of his hot, sticky cum deep inside her slippery cunt. Mike lost control and collapsed on top of El, burying his face in her tits and taking one in his mouth, tonguing her areola and slobbering messily all over her soft breast, making crude wet sucking sounds against her tits, biting down hard on the fat mound of her breast to mark his territory, so she'd have his teethmarks and a bruise on her tits to remind her of what they'd just did. Then he suckled her tits roughly until he finished cumming, pounding the last of his cum into her abused pussy.

Finally, Mike pulled out, exhausted, the both of them panting harshly.

"You asshole, I didn't cum yet!"

"Oh shit, um, I'm sorry, I lost control -" Mike started to sputter, his usual awkwardness already coming back, as if all his confidence and bravado had gone up into El's pussy along with all of his cum.

But El was giggling, looking at him with a mischievous smile on her face. "Don't worry. You get to watch."

She snuck a hand down to her pussy, her legs still splayed wide open in front of him, and El began touching herself, rubbing her clit with one hand and spreading her pussy lips apart with the fingers of her other hand.

It didn't take her long, she had already been so wet and so close for

so long, she started to speed up her motions on her clit, rubbing the sensitive, swollen nub furiously when her legs stiffened and her toes curled, and she threw her head back. "Ahh...I'm cumming, Mike, my freshly fucked pussy is cumming...watch..."

With her pussy lips still forced open by her own fingers, Mike saw the inside of El's petite pussy contracting and clenching as she orgasmed, and soon after, her cunt started to gush out glob after glob of a white creamy substance, Mike's cum that he'd just emptied into her, along with a sticky, clearer substance that Mike realized was El's own cum juices, mixing all in with his semen. Their combined cum dripped out of El's abused and fucked hole and down her pussy lips into her ass crack.

She'd let him watch her own orgasm and creampie, all at once. Then, she dipped her fingers into her still-twitching pussy, and put her fingers into her mouth, sucking and swallowing the thick, sticky mixture.

"Mike...you're the best stepbrother with the tastiest cum."

Afterwards, she'd let him kiss her, pushing his tongue into her mouth and tasting their combined cum.

"We still have one whole day left before our parents come back, El. How do you want to spend it?"

El bit her lip, looking up at him shyly before confessing, "I want you to use and fuck my tits so much I won't be able to wear a bra for a week because of how much they'll hurt and ache after..."

The next day, Mike happily obliged. It was mission accomplished, because the week after El's breasts ached so much she really wasn't able to wear a bra. But it didn't go away, not even after a week. Which was strange, and when El saw the positive blue plus sign on the pregnancy test, she realized the real reason why....she was pregnant with Mike's baby. Her own stepbrother's baby, just like she'd wanted....

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A/N: i originally didn't intend that ending, with el getting pregnant, but a few people have been requesting pregnant sex (i guess based on chapter 1 which referenced el being newly pregnant at the time), plus its really kinky to have your stepbrother's baby (but skirts real incest cuz...i'm not into that yikes). i'm not sure if i will continue in this AU and follow up with el's pregnancy here...if you guys want me to, let me know and i might do it, depending on how many people are up for it. if not we can just leave this saga as completed and move onto the next prompt. lmk

4. the maid

A/N: the wheelers are rich; they give their son a maid.

nobody requested this; i just wanted to write it XD. the title is self explanatory: el is mike's maid. the whole maid uniform and everything. another mike is rich and dominant, el is poor and submissive fic (i guess that's my niche XD) mike and el are the same age just like in canon. they always are the same age in all of my fics (i don't enjoy unnecessary age gaps, not my thing) hope yall enjoy!

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Today was Master Michael's birthday. El had been in the kitchen most of the day, preparing the evening's big birthday dinner and of course, the birthday cake.

She had made everything from scratch, even the frosting, a sweet and rich vanilla cream that was Master's Michael's favorite, and she'd made it just like how she knew he liked it. Extra sugar and super thick.

Today was Master Michael's 21st birthday, and he would soon be taking over his father's large company. He had already taken over the family's estate and household, and El hardly ever saw old Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler anymore. For months now she had reported straight to Master Michael, taking all her orders from him.

The Wheelers were a rich family, but they kept a modest home. Besides El, there were only two other servants, a plump old matron who waited on Mrs. Wheeler hand and foot, and an elderly manservant who had been with the family since Ted Wheeler was still a boy.

When Master Michael had taken over the family's affairs, the old matron and the manservant had continued to take most of their orders from Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, like the old days. Only El found that she now had to report to Master Michael, and Master Michael alone.

The rules and the job were mostly the same, with a few important exceptions.

El was no longer allowed to wear any underwear or even a bra underneath her maid's uniform whenever she was working for Master Michael. He would know because every day he would come by and check.

He would yank the top of her uniform down past her plump and perky tits, so that they popped out at him. Then he would push up her skirt and apron and run his fingers along her bare slit, from her clit all the way back up her ass crack, and his finger always came back slick with El's pussy juices, and he would put his finger in her mouth and have her suck her own wetness off of it.

He had said that El moaned like a whore every time she sucked his fingers, but he liked it. So now that was another rule. El had to moan every time she did it, or else she would get a spanking. Not that she minded, either way.

El knew her job now was to serve Master Michael, in whatever way that required. To cook his food and press his shirts, to suck his cock and take his cum. She wanted to please him and make him happy.

El was bent over the oven rack, preparing the roast, when she felt him come up behind her, grabbing her hips and grinding his hardness against the silky fabric of the skirt of her uniform.

"Time for your check," he said, before jerking her up forcibly so that she was pressed flush against him, her back against his chest. He kept her plump ass pushed up against his cock while his hands traveled upward, fisting the low-cut neckline of her top and ripping it violently down the middle. The fabric was all torn and ruined down the front and El's breasts spilled out. She hadn't been wearing a bra, just like he'd wanted.

"Good girl," he said, squeezing both breasts roughly in his hands before pinching her nipples so hard El winced. "Now your pussy, let's see."

Master Michael shoved El's skirt up and cupped her pussy in his

hands. She hadn't been wearing any underwear, just like he'd told her to. She had also followed one of his other rules, which was to keep her pussy hairless and shaved at all times. She knew he would be pleased when he ran his hands over her pussy and felt only her soft, bare skin underneath his fingertips.

He was running his fingers up and down her folds, taking his time, playing with her pussy. "You're already wet for me?"

It was true; she was. "I-I can't help it, sir."

Master Michael let out a strangled groan from behind her, and without warning, he slammed two fingers inside her cunt, pumping them in and out of her slick hole. "Today's my birthday, El," he growled against her ear while he fingerfucked her.

"I know, sir."

"You're gonna give me my birthday present now."

"I-I am, sir?" El had her eyes squeezed shut, lost in the pleasurable pain of Master Michael ruthlessly fingerfucking her while she stood over the roast.

"Yes. I'm gonna fuck you four ways on my birthday."

"Y-Yes, sir," El said obediently, even though she wasn't sure how he was going to do it. She only had three holes. "F-fuck me, Master Michael. Fuck me, ah, ah, ah!" El realized she was about to cum already just from being fingerfucked, her pussy clenching down suddenly on his fingers as he pumped them into her even faster. "Sir, I'm c-cumming, sir, I'm cumming!"

"That's right, El, cum. Cum right on my fingers," Master Michael said, using his other hand to push up her skirt and give her fat ass a loud smack. El screamed, still clenching and twitching around his fingers, while he spanked her ass throughout her orgasm.

When she finally started to relax around his fingers again, Mike pulled them out, flipped El around so that she faced him, and shoved them into her wet mouth. His digits were slathered in her sticky-sweet cum, and El sucked her juices off of them eagerly, her eyes

locked with Mike's the entire time she bob and slobbered on his fingers, pretending it was his cock she was sucking off. She knew she looked just like she did when she was sucking his cock, too, her pretty wet mouth all puckered and drooling and moving all up and down his long fingers.

"Oh God," Master Michael groaned, "You slut."

He wrenched his fingers out of her mouth and walked her backwards until she hit the dining table. El had placed the tub of frosting she'd made there, ready to frost up Mike's birthday cake. Mike pushed her down so that she was lying on her back on the very same table they'd all eat dinner off of later that night, and he pushed her maid's uniform until it bunched up around her stomach, exposing her bare and slick pussy up to him.

"M-Master Michael - ?" El called out, unsure what he was going to do, but Mike's hand had gone in the tub of frosting, coming back out with a fistful of the creamy white substance, smearing it messily all over her pussy. He slathered it all over, until her entire pussy was covered in it, as if El had shaving cream all over herself down there.

Then, Master Michael dove in.

He buried his face in her frosting-covered pussy, licking and sucking at her cunt hungrily, getting his mouth and nose and face covered in frosting.

El moaned and writhed on top of the dining table, spreading her thighs as far as they would go, wanting more and more. His mouth and tongue felt like heaven, and it was so dirty and messy, spreading that sticky sweet cream all over and inside her wet cunt, getting his birthday frosting all mixed in with her pussy juices and his saliva.

"Oh, sir... You're fucking the cream into my pussy with your tongue. You're getting it all inside of me...." Mike had buried his tongue deep inside her cunt, thrusting it in and out of her before pulling back out and re-focusing on her aching clit, suctioning his entire mouth over her clit and flicking his tongue back and forth relentlessly, licking all of the frosting off of the front of her mound.

"You taste so sweet, El. I can't tell which part is the frosting and which part are your cunt juices," he said, before diving back in on her clit, sucking and lapping at it mercilessly, smearing the cream on his face back onto her wet pussy.

El's eyes rolled to the back of her head and she started to cum again, squeezing her thighs down on Mike's head which was still buried in her pussy. "Ah! Master Michael, you're making me cum again! You're making me cum where your family eats their meals! Will you fuck me on this dining table, sir? Please fuck me on this dining table - !"

Mike had finally pulled back, leaving El to squirm out her second orgasm, spread eagle on the table with her bare pussy out, still covered in frosting. He disappeared into the kitchen and then reappeared with another, smaller tub in his hands. Setting it down next to her, El realized it was the lard she used to grease the pans and butter the pastries.

"Mike?" El called out, accidentally calling him by the more familiar name, the one she only used behind closed doors.

"Shhh...." He hushed, "Turn around El."

She did as she was told, he was still her master and she was still his maid after all. El slid off the table, turning around and leaning against it for support. Mike bent her all the way over it, her maid's uniform still bunched up around her hips so that she was naked from the waist down. Master Michael used his feet to push her legs wide apart and El thought he was going to start fucking her doggy style, bent over the dining table, but then she felt something cool and slimey land on her asshole.

Mike had spread her ass cheeks wide. He was smearing the lard generously over her puckering asshole, getting it all slippery and greasy. He spread some of the lard over his cock too, for good measure. El had only taken his cock in her ass a handful of times, but each time she seemed to love it, always bouncing enthusiastically on his shaft and moaning like a whore as his cock filled her tight ass again and again and again.

Mike pushed the tip of his cock up against her asshole tentatively; his

cock slid between her greasy ass cheeks easily with the lard, all sticky and slick. She was such a slut that as soon as the tip touched her asshole it started to open up, like a pretty little rosebud flowering for him and only him. Mike pressed in a little more, his cock head slipping inside and they both let out moans of pleasure. Each time Mike thrust in, El's ass took more and more of his cock, until pretty soon Mike was hilding fully into her warm asshole.

Without preamble he began to thrust, stroking in deep and hard and making El cry out each time. She was taking it like a champ, like he knew she would, making hot little whimpering noises each time his balls slapped against her ass cheeks.

"Can you feel my cock inside your ass, El? It's so tight it's like it's squeezing the cum out of my dick."

"Yes, sir, I can feel it sliding in and out of my ass. You're so big you're stretching my little asshole out!"

El loved to plead and beg every time his cock was inside her. She was always moaning about how his cock was too big and too thick and how she didn't know if she could take it all, but she always did, she always did like a good girl.

Mike growled gruffly, growing even harder thinking about how El was letting his big cock destroy all of her holes. With her still impaled on his dick, Mike yanked El's arms back, pulling them roughly behind her back and locking them there, doing so with such force that her upper body was lifted off the table. He kept fucking her asshole relentlessly, El balanced on his cock and her arms yanked backwards, so that her breasts bounced wildly each time he pumped into her. He was fucking her furiously, keeping her arms held back, the position he had forced her into and the speed with which he was hilding into her causing her soft tits to bounce and slap against each other. The fat mounds were directly over the tub of frosting, and Mike deliberately lowered El a little so that her jiggling tits dipped inside, getting the creamy thick substance all over them.

"El, I'm thrusting so hard into your tight ass it's forcing your tits to smear all over the frosting. You like that? You like your big tits getting coated in the cake frosting you made for me?"

"Mmmhmm," El whimpered, biting her lip, "Y-Yes, Master Michael, I love it. It feels so sticky and creamy on my nipples...my tits look so good covered in white frosting..."

"Yeah, and your ass is covered in lard. The cooking lard you use to make our food. I'm fucking your ass with it. It's making your asshole and your fat ass cheeks all oily and slippery, so shiny and wet bouncing on my cock. You're so fucking dirty, you know that? Your tits are covered in frosting and your ass is slathered in lard..."

It took all of his willpower but Mike pulled out. He was so turned on he knew he was closing to cumming, but he still had three more ways he needed to fuck El.

With one hand he grabbed the tub of frosting, and with the other he took El's hand, dragging her over to the kitchen sink, where he ran the water and handed her a bar of soap.

"Wash my cock off, El. I want you to lather it up nice and clean for your pussy."

El knew just what to do; she'd done it many times before when he'd ordered her to wash him in the bath or shower.

She wet Mike's hard dick with water before lathering her hands up with soap, then placed both of her small, slippery hands on his cock and stroked the soap up and down his shaft. Mike moaned into her shoulder as she jerked him off with her soapy hands, taking the tub of frosting he'd carried with him and grabbing another fistful of the thick creamy stuff.

He began to slather on more of the frosting on her juicy tits, using both hands to massage the frosting on, stroking and pinching her pert nipples as she slid her slippery hands up and down his thick cock.

Soon, he had covered her breasts completely up with frosting, her chest all white and creamy and sticky with the stuff, like two lewd Jello birthday cakes jiggling at him.

"Fuck, okay..." Mike had to pause and take two deep breaths, trying not to cum again. He had to make this last, he loved fucking El so

much that if he could he would fuck her forever and never stop. "Now wash the soap off my dick, El. Good girl."

El finally stopped giving him a soapy handjob and rinsed his cock off with water until it was nice and clean and ready for her pussy.

Then, he pushed her down on the floor like an animal, forcing her to straddle him as he laid on his back on the marble kitchen floor, and thrust up all at once into her wet and waiting cunt. El started to ride him, her frosting-covered breasts bouncing gently and stickily. They looked so delicious and sweet, Mike couldn't wait anymore. He yanked El down until she was leaning forward, her soft breasts dangling in his face each time he thrust into her pussy.

He took a plump tit into his mouth and lapped at the frosting sloppily, just as he had done on her pussy. She tasted so sweet and creamy, his own perverted little birthday cake that was frosted in all the best spots. He flicked his tongue over and over her pert nipple, making sure to get all the sticky frosting, making El moan on top of him.

"Oh Mike...Master Michael....please lick my titties clean....you left some frosting on my pussy...." It was true, there was still some white cream on El's pussy and Mike was now fucking it into her wet cunt. It was so sticky where they were joined, her pussy lips smearing frosting back onto his cock and vice versa.

Mike was determined to do a better job on her tits. Both hands gripped her soft mounds tightly, squeezing them hard and forcing her tits right into his greedy mouth. He was probably rubbing the frosting around even more in his frenzy, but Mike didn't care. He licked all over her fat tits and put his head in between them, making sure to get at the frosting between her breasts, too. Then he went back to sucking on them, biting down on the soft flesh as he suckled on her areola and nipple so hard she screamed.

"S-Sir...you're getting the frosting from my tits all over your face....it's so messy, sir. If someone were to see you they'd know you've been sucking on the maid's tits like a naughty boy..."

They were making a mess on the kitchen floor. Mike was pounding

into her hard and fast, forcing her to bounce and ride him while at the same time keeping an iron grip on both of her breasts, slobbering all over them while he pumped his thick cock into her pussy over and over again. It felt so good, his cock battering her cunt and his mouth on her aching, squishy tits that El started to feel it again, the sweet pressure building inside each time she felt his thick cock slide in.

"Master Michael....may I....may I cum? Please sir, may I cum?" El loved begging Master Michael, loved begging him to fuck her, to punish her, to make her cum.

"Yeah, El. You've been so good....you can cum. Cum right on my cock. Do it now!" As if to emphasize his order, Mike pinched her abused nipple hard, tugging and stretching her breast out by its nipple, slapping it against her other tit lewdly. The pleasurable painful sensation of that, coupled with Mike's order, caused El to come again for the third time, writhing and twitching around on his hard cock.

She was still cumming when he pulled out of her and pushed her onto her back on the cold marble floor.

Dipping into the tub of frosting once again, Mike slathered it all over his hard cock this time, so that his entire dick was covered in it. Then he pushed her tits together with his big hands and started titfucking, straddling himself over El's chest and going to town on her full, soft, welcoming breasts. The cream acted like a sticky, thick lube that made his cock glide in between them easily. There was frosting everywhere, on the floor, all over his cock, on her tits and on his balls. Mike's cock was big enough that the head of his cock, covered in sticky white frosting, poked up at El's chin between her cleavage as he fucked her tits.

"Suck it El, suck my cock while I fuck your big tits."

Mike watched as she dipped her head and pushed her tongue out tentatively at first, licking the frosting off the tip with little tiny kitten licks, teasing him. She never broke eye contact as she opened her mouth and took more of his cock in, sucking his hard dick as he fucked her breasts, drooling all over the top of his shaft each time it poked out from between her tits.

The sight was so hot that Mike finally let himself lose control, cumming hard. He spilled out ropes and ropes of his cum, first into her mouth, which El dutifully gulped down, but it wasn't stopping, and there was so much of it that it spilled out from between her wet lips and down her chin. He was still thrusting frenziedly between her tits, pulling back and spilling some cum between them. Then he pulled out all the way and continued jerking his cock over her soft mounds, spreading his semen over the fat of her breasts and finishing the last of it off directly over her pink nipples, like the last bullseye for his cum.

"Oh God, oh fuck...." Mike panted, collapsing back on his ass, exhausted. El sat up a bit and played with her tits, which were still covered in frosting, although half of it had been messily licked off. It was hard to tell which was the frosting and which was his cum, it was all kind of mixed in, but his cum was a bit more translucent and less thick, and when El pulled her freshly fucked tits apart, a thin sheen of what Mike knew was his cum trailed off between them.

"Ass, pussy, tits, and mouth. I told you I would fuck you four ways today, El."

"Four ways and I came three times. Happy birthday, Master Michael."

That evening, not two hours later, Mike sat around the dining table with his parents while El and the other servants dutifully stood waiting on them at the back of the room. He ate El's roast that she had prepared for them with some of the lard he'd fucked her ass with, on the dining table that he'd eaten her pussy and fucked her ass on, and afterwards, they all had birthday cake with the frosting that Mike had slathered on El's pussy and tits, as well as his own cock.

It was the most delicious meal that Mike had had in a long time, and it was a good birthday.

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A/N: i'll be taking smut prompts/requests here, at my discretion (meaning if I like your idea i'll write it). Tell me what you'd like to have them do next and i might add it onto the next chapter of this (doesn't have to be related to this chapter; in fact i'm thinking each

chapter will be totally unrelated and in its own AU to the other ones)

I will only write Mike and El together, no group sex stuff, and nothing under the age of 16 (which was when I started having sex so I figure that's a fair shake). Thanks for reading!

as always, if you want more, leave a comment. leave a prompt! prompts can also be from any of the AUs i've already written about. it'd be fun to continue some of these. lmk (also hint: your requests have a much greater chance of being fulfilled if you don't just dump prompts on me like i'm a robot but if you showed you actually enjoy the writing ive done XD thought this was basic etiquette but guess not)

5. undressed, pt 3

A/N: surprise! this is a continuation of the AU i established in the "undressed" chapters. leaves off where i left it - with el finding out she has gotten pregnant with mike's (her stepbrother's) baby.

XXXXX

He was staying home sick with El today.

She was nearly eight months along now, close enough to the due date that his mother didn't question El at all, didn't even check her temperature or anything, before immediately agreeing that El shouldn't take any chances, that she should just call in sick at school and spend the day resting.

Almost immediately, Mike had volunteered to stay at home too, to watch after El while both their parents were at work. "She shouldn't be home by herself," he'd argued rather convincingly, "What if she gets a high fever or something, and she needs to be taken to the hospital? Who's going to take her? And what if the baby gets sick too – I read that that's possible – "

"- Alright, okay, Mike!" His mother had interrupted, sighing. "I'm not disagreeing with you, okay? You're right. Someone should stay with her today, just in case. I'll call the school and let them know you'll both be out." She had pecked him on the cheek and then she was out the door, her cell phone already plastered to her ear. "Yes, this is Karen Wheeler calling about my children. Mike and El – they're both going to have to take a sick day today, I'm afraid..."

And just like that, he and El had secured a nice little day for themselves, away from their parents' prying eyes. It had been so long.

As El's pregnancy had progressed, it had gotten increasingly harder for Mike and El to get some quality time together. Of course, they still lived under the same roof, and they did the best they could, sneaking into one another's rooms late at night and sneaking back in the wee hours of the morning, encouraging Hopper and Karen to go on as many date nights and weekend trips together as possible, so

that Mike and El could get the house to themselves for a few hours or a few precious days. But as El's belly got bigger, Karen and Hopper became a bigger presence in their lives, fueled by a desire to be around to support and protect El as she got closer and closer to her due date.

Still, Mike suppose he should be grateful, because even now, with all the helicopter parenting going around and Hopper and Karen's anxiety about the baby coming soon, it was nothing compared to how things had been around the house when El first delivered the news to them.

"Who did this to you?" Hopper had boomed, his face red in muted fury. "I'll kill him!"

Mike was sure Hopper could see the beads of sweat running down his face, and then he'd be a dead man for sure, but somehow neither Hopper nor his mother had noticed. El had refused to say who the father was, and behind that cute, perky cheerleader façade, she was even more stubborn and fiery than her old man.

"It doesn't matter who the father is! I don't want to get him in trouble! It's just some boy from school!" was all she'd say about it, which was technically true, as Mike did go to the same school as El. She'd held the line, never giving in once, not even when Hopper had threatened to pull her out of school and send her to an all-girls school out of state as punishment.

Mike had jumped to El's defense of course, calling Hopper a backwards old man to his face, yelling at him to leave El alone, and it had gotten so bad they'd almost come to blows – but luckily his mother stepped in at that point, and she was finally able to talk some sense into Hopper, reminding him that El was just a young girl in a tough spot that needed their love and support, not their punishment.

Mike was grateful for his mom going to bat for El like that, because after that, it seemed some sense had finally gotten into Hopper, and he seemed to soften and accept the fact that he was going to become a grandfather in a few months. And Mike was thankful too that neither Hopper nor his mom seemed to think it was strange that Mike had come to El's defense so fervently like that, and how Mike and El

seemed to become much, much closer starting around the time that El had become pregnant.

"They must think that the pregnancy brought out your nice, big brother side," El had giggled one night, after he had snuck over into her room to fool around. "Like you want to be a good big brother and help take care of me in my time of need...."

Mike had grinned at that. "You like how your big brother is taking care of you?" He had thrust into her hard to punctuate the point, feeling satisfied when he felt El clench around him in response, "Taking your big brother's big cock?"

"Mmm yes..." El had responded, not missing a beat. She got off to dirty talk just as much as he did, and what was dirtier than acknowledging the fact they were technically brother and sister? "I love stepbrother cock... I can't stop taking your cock even after you've gotten me pregnant.."

Her words were so hot that Mike came shortly thereafter, pumping his cum into her as El trembled underneath him from her own orgasm.

That had been nearly three months ago. They hadn't had much time alone together since, and Mike felt like he was going to explode.

After seeing his mother off at the door and shutting it behind her (Hopper had already reported to the station), he raced up the steps two at a time, all the way to El's bedroom, eager to begin their day together.

To his surprise (and frustration), her door was locked.

Mike jiggled the doorknob uselessly. "El – it's me. Open the door."

"Hang on – " she called. Mike could hear faint shuffling in the background, as if El was moving stuff around.

"Hey, you shouldn't be lifting anything by yourself," he couldn't help but worry. "Let me do it –"

He didn't get to finish, as the door was finally pulled open, and El

appeared before him. Mike looked her up and down, his mouth agape.

She was wearing her cheerleader uniform. The yellow and white one he'd always imagined fucking her in. The cheerleader of his dreams.

Except a few things were different than he'd originally imagined them to be.

For one, she was nearly eight months pregnant. With his baby.

Her swollen belly protruded out from underneath the sleeveless cheer top she wore (Go Tigers!). Her breasts, which had grown even larger and fat with milk for their baby, were crammed into her now too-tight top, but her cute little pleated skirt still fit perfectly, showing off her long, lean legs, and just a little bit of her sweet, creamy thighs, just like how it had been a year before, when he had watched in the stands like every other nerd, peeking up into El Hopper's cheerleader skirt every time she did a high kick.

"D-do you like it?" She asked, suddenly all bashful and shy. Mike knew it was all just an act though, designed to turn him on even more than he already was.

El tugged coyly at the bottom of her top, pulling the fabric down over her pregnant stomach and failing, the top stretching and snapping back to bunch even farther up, revealing more of her swollen midsection. "You fucked the cheerleader and made her pregnant, Mike. I'm your pregnant cheerleader slut, and I need more of your cum."

"Jesus fucking Christ, El," Mike didn't waste any more time. He kicked the door closed behind them, and then he was on top of her, nipping and sucking, his hands everywhere. "I'm gonna make you scream. I'm gonna make you do the splits on my cock, just like how I always imagined it whenever I jerked off. Except even in my dirtiest fantasies you weren't knocked up like this. You're even more of a slut than I could imagine, El. My cheerleader slut, so young and already filled up with my cum."

"I wanted your cum so bad, Mike..." El said, unzipping his jeans and

freeing his rock hard cock. She wasted no time, spitting on her hand and stroking him enthusiastically. "I got pregnant on purpose, did you know that?"

Mike did not know that, but he supposed it didn't matter now. He'd been nervous at first, finding out that El had gotten pregnant. He didn't know whether she wanted to keep the baby or not, hell, he didn't know if he had wanted to keep the baby or not, but after the first month or so, he found most of his anxiety had worn off. And when El decided she was going to keep their baby, a part of Mike was pleased. Sure, they were young, very young, but something about it had just felt right. El having his baby. Underneath all the modern day anxiety of teenage parenthood, and El being his stepsister and all, was a deeper, more primal urge that Mike felt in his gut, in his heart, and in his cock. Stepsister or no, Mike was sure El was made to have his babies, and a part of him was pleased that she was carrying his child. A part of him wanted to impregnate her again, and again, and again. Make her take his cum and carry his babies.

"You want have my babies, El?"

El was taking little kitten licks on his cock, occasionally moving down and swiping her tongue on his balls while her small hands jerked him off. "Yes, I want you to fill me with your cum constantly, fill my belly up with cum so it gets all big and swollen..."

Mike groaned, tugging at the bottom of her cheer top. He had to see her tits. It was a shame that they were getting squished and constrained underneath her cheer top, now two sizes too small for her breasts, which had grown fat and milky for the baby Mike had put inside her.

El happily obliged, lifting her arms so Mike could get the thing over her head, and then she was topless, sucking him off in her cheerleader skirt, her swollen breasts resting on top of her huge, pregnant belly. El took him all the way into the back of her throat, gagging on his hard dick. Mike took one of her breasts in his fist and squeezed, causing El to cry out. His cock was still shoved down her throat, and her moans resulted in delicious vibrations on his dick.

The palm of his fist became wet with El's milk as he squeezed her tit,

and he rubbed the wetness back onto her nipple, making the area nice and slick. She had only recently begun to lactate, and it made Mike's dick hard, thinking about how her body was changing because of his cum, because of the baby that he had fucked inside of her. Her belly was growing swollen with his child, and her breasts were filling up with milk to feed it, and soon enough she would give birth to his seed.

"Taste your milk, El," Mike said, pulling out of her wet, pink mouth. "Cover my cock in your breast milk and then suck me off."

El took one of her round, fat breasts and began to squeeze it directly over his hard cock, so that her leaky nipple spilled droplet after droplet of milk onto his thick shaft. Then, she took his cock into her mouth again, slurping on it messily and nosily, sucking up all her own breast milk in her mouth along with his dick, bobbing on him deeply a few times. Then El pulled back and moaned. "Mmmm... it was good, Mike. My milk tasted so sweet on your cock."

"Fuck, El...I gotta get inside you," Mike hissed, pushing El down onto the bed and flipping her over, so that she was hovered on all fours. He quickly positioned himself behind her, lining up with her slick folds and then plunging right in without further preamble.

"Ah! Mike!" El cried out, in pain or ecstasy Mike didn't know, and honestly, he wasn't sure he cared in the state he was in. He started stroking into her, hard and deep, pushing her pleated cheerleader skirt up so that it bounced enticingly around her round ass.

"My cheerleader slut," Mike grunted into her ear as he pounded into her from behind, "All pregnant and swollen with my baby. Teen fucking slut," Mike growled, sinking his fingers into the soft flesh of her hips as he forced his cock into her again and again and again. "You gonna cheer for me, cheerleader? Cheer!" he commanded.

El did as she was told, starting to cheer just like Mike had heard it from the bleachers of many a football game past. "M-Mike! Mike! He's the man, he fucks me like no one can!"

Mike slapped El's bouncing ass in approval. "Keep going pregnant cheerleader slut. Cheer me on while I fuck you."

"Mike! Mike! Filled me with his cum, got me pregnant with his son! Go Mike!"

"Fuck, El. I'm gonna cum..." It was all too much. El in her slutty cheerleader outfit, all fat and swollen with his baby, her plump, lactating tits grown even bigger all to feed Mike's child, cheering him on as he fucked her, and here he was about to pump even more of his cum into her pregnant hole, "Take my cum you nasty cheerleader slut. After you have my first baby I'm gonna fill you up with more and more of my cum and I won't stop until I get you pregnant again and again and again...fuck, oh fuck..."

Mike came right into her tight cunt, filling El's pussy up with his cum. He collapsed onto her, exhausted, careful to pull her onto her side so that her swollen belly wasn't pushed into the mattress.

They were both panting hard, exhausted and utterly satiated.

"Mike...", El gasped, cupping her huge belly protectively. "Your cock was pounding into me so hard I was afraid...I was afraid I'd go into labor."

Fortunately, El didn't go into labor for another four weeks, right on time. Mike wasn't allowed in the delivery room, though he raged and fumed at the doctors the entire time.

"You're not the father?" The nurses had asked.

"No! I'm – " Mike had huffed in frustration. "I'm family! I'm – I'm her stepbrother!"

"Sorry, you'll have to wait out here, son."

In the end, they'd only let El's dad, Hopper, in the delivery room with her. And she had delivered a healthy, 9 pound baby boy. And Karen and Hopper had only hesitated, for the briefest of moments, when the baby turned out to have Mike's black, curly hair, and fair, freckled skin.

Still, if Hopper and his mother had any suspicions after the baby was born, a boy who was turning out to look just like the spitting image of Mike, they kept it to themselves.

Until, that was, Karen had finally caught them one day, walking in on them in El's room. El had told her stepmother it was simply that time again, time to get her breast pumped to relieve some of the pressure and store away some milk for the baby.

Karen had realized, belatedly, that El had forgotten the breast pump in her bag, and being a good stepmother (and step-grandmother), had brought it up to El in her room - and had walked in on El getting her breasts pumped - by Mike, her own stepbrother, who had been suckling the milk out of El's breasts eagerly.

After that, there had been a huge blow-up. Hopper threatened to kill Mike, Karen was crying and bawling "I knew it!" at them, and it had gotten so bad that their parents decided Mike and El couldn't even live under the same roof anymore, so afraid they were that their children would continue their sexual relationship. And they were right. Mike would never stop wanting El, never stop fucking her either, and not even Hopper with a gun was going to stop him from being with his dream girl, the mother of his child.

Hopper took El and the baby, and Karen took Mike, living with their children separately in a desperate attempt to stave off the inevitable.

"You can't stop me from seeing El!" Mike had seethed, "I love her! And that's my baby! I have a right to them both!"

And Mike was right. The haphazard separation was half-baked and desperate, and it wasn't successful. All it succeeded in doing in the end was destroying Hopper and Karen's marriage, which couldn't withstand the separation and the revelation that their children were in love.

They divorced in short order, and then Mike and El really weren't stepsiblings anymore, and then they both turned 18 shortly thereafter, and as soon as they did, both moved out of their parents' homes and into an apartment of their own, along with their son.

It was hard, and money was scarce, but they were all together, and that was what mattered. El took a full-time job as a receptionist and Mike enrolled in college part-time, spending the rest of his days watching their young son, and getting El pregnant every other year.

Mike hadn't been lying when he'd said he'd fill her with his seed again and again and again all those years ago as teenagers. It was his joy to see her all swollen with his babies, and though it was hard while Mike finished college, he had always been a gifted kid, and he eventually graduated in good standing and landed a lucrative job, and El could finally quit her receptionist work and stay at home full time, taking care of and birthing all of Mike's babies.

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A/N: my creative juices were flowing but i needed a break from my other fic, which has gotten really serious and intense (at least, for my standards). wanted to go back into some non-plot heavy smut, and i had this idea planned for awhile (one of you had requested cheerleader el cheering on mike as he fucked her, and many of you have also requested pregnant el, so i thought i'd kill two birds with one stone...) apologize for the tonal shift in the ending. i had a broader headcanon for how this AU would turn out, with hop and karen divorcing so that mileven could be free to be together and have a family, so that's what the ending did. like an in-chapter epilogue. anyway, hope you enjoyed, please leave a comment if you did :)

i'll be taking smut prompts/requests here, at my discretion (meaning if I like your idea i'll write it). Tell me what you'd like to have them do next and i might add it onto the next chapter of this (doesn't have to be related to this chapter; in fact i'm thinking each chapter will be totally unrelated and in its own AU to the other ones)

I will only write Mike and El together, no group sex stuff, and nothing under the age of 16 (which was when I started having sex so I figure that's a fair shake). Thanks for reading!